

**THE DAILY NEWS.**  
PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

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H. F. PULLEN - - - Managing-Editor

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

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By mail to all other countries, per year	9.00

**ADVERTISING RATES**

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DAILY EDITION



Wednesday, June 10, 1931.

**CEDAR BEST WOOD**

John Morgan, one of the owners of the Billmor Spruce Mills and manager of the J. R. Morgan Co., loggers, states that cedar will last much longer than spruce for any outdoor work and for sidewalks will outlast fir. He says there are plenty of examples of this at the canneries and mills.

The city council at its recent meeting decided to use cedar for the sidewalks on McBride Street and Second Avenue.

**LOGGING AND NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING**

How many people ever realized that there was a connection between logging and newspaper advertising?

This year newspapers have had dozens of cancellations of advertising schedules. To such an extent has this been the case that it has become almost a nightmare with publishers.

It is pointed out that when a page of advertising is cancelled the size of the city newspaper is cut down that much and if this happens all over the country the mill orders for paper are cut down and the mills send out to the loggers a cancellation of their orders.

Local loggers state that is what has been happening often this year. There have been repeated cancellations. If the manufacturers had continued their advertising, the newspapers would have continued the size of their papers, the paper mills would have been kept busy and the loggers would have been cutting logs in the woods. The whole circle is affected by the failure at one end.

**MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION**

Recently the Manufacturers' Association urged greater governmental economy. That would mean less work for many employees and so another vicious circle would be commenced. If all carried on as usual all would be happy, but the failure of one of the links of the chain causes endless suffering.



**The "MARRIAGE" of THE WHITE HORSE**

"WHITE HORSE" is Real Old Scotch. First matured and then blended, it is again matured and rebled, so that the whisky becomes properly married. This marrying of "WHITE HORSE" is a very lengthy process and the result is a right noble spirit of subtle and distinctive aroma and bouquet, soft, smooth and very pleasing to the palate, without a trace of kick or bite.

As a heart tonic and digestive "WHITE HORSE" stands supreme.

**WHITE HORSE WHISKY**

This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia

**DISTILLED, BLENDED & BOTTLED in SCOTLAND**

**WINNING LETTER**

Miss Martha Hirano of This City Took First Prize in Vancouver Sun Competition.

Following was the letter with which Martha Hirano of Seal Cove, Prince Rupert, won first prize this month in the Sun-Ray contest conducted by the Vancouver Sun: "After reading the Sun Ray page I did exactly what you told us to do, that is, I asked myself those two questions: 'Am I one of those who help to make the Sun-Ray page more interesting? or Am I one of those who sit lazily enjoying the page that others have helped to make interesting?' and I came to the conclusion that I was one of the latter. I am very ashamed of myself, but I am determined, at the same time, to get out of the second group and join the first. The result of these two questions is this letter and I hope that time will permit others to follow.

"I have just finished house-cleaning, and there is still half an-hour before getting lunch ready, therefore I decided to spend it wisely writing to you.

"There are so many things about which I had to tell you, and it is so hard to know which one to begin with. However, I suppose the most logical way is to describe the incidents in order of time.

"Last Saturday a stray cat came to our home. Mother was cleaning her bedroom and in a box in which she keeps her cushions she found a black cat with a patch of white on its breast. It looked so comfortable that when I saw it I couldn't take it away from those soft cushions. I looked at mummy and she understood.

**I Plan for Cat**

"She gave me a cushion and with it I succeeded in making quite a comfortable place for the cat. The next day, however, when I visited Mrs. Kat (the name we gave her) we found two little kittens, but one of them was dead. My brothers and sister came to see them, too, and we all felt very sorry for the dear lifeless little form lying there. I wanted to bury it, but Mrs. Kat would not let me take it.

"The next day I went for a visit again and to my surprise the other little kitten was dead too. Mrs. Kat meowed sorrowfully as I approached. That evening I brought her some supper and I took another peek at the box. Mrs. Kat was there, but when she came out to eat, the little kittens were gone. My curiosity was aroused.

"I asked everyone in our family if he or she knew anything about those kittens; but they all said that they didn't, and so I thought perhaps Mrs. Kat had a funeral for them herself. Mrs. Kat is our constant companion at present and we all love her very much.

**Reminded of Day**

"Talking about animals reminds me of a dog, about which I had promised to tell you quite a while ago. The reason I haven't said anything about it is because it hasn't arrived yet. At present it is in Germany. A few days ago we received news that Fema, the dog, received a silver cup as 1st prize in a recent dog examination at Berlin. The police force had wished to buy it, but her master won't sell it for anything. Although I have read and heard much of love between man and dog, yet this is the first time that I have seen such great devotion. Each day I long to see Fema, but until July I shall not be able to.

"Well, it's about time to begin preparing lunch, so I'll continue writing after.

"Here I am again. Not that it makes any difference in a letter. "I was scraping some things that were stuck to the bottom of a pan so that I could give it to the chickens; but I didn't have to go as far as the chicken coup because they came rushing up to me when they heard me scraping. It didn't occur to me that they would get used to the sound and would come to me without my calling them first, so I was a little surprised. But I am glad that they are not afraid of me for I love animals of all kinds.

"As I read this letter over I'm afraid I've changed to Mr. Burgess. It seems to be that all I've talked about is animals.

"It's raining today, but, not in torrents. Just enough to water God's gardens. As I look out of the windows I notice that nature has undergone great changes. Every-

thing looks so green and fresh, too. The bare winter branches are now covered with dancing leaves, and they look so stately and beautiful. I am glad I do not live in the business centre of Prince Rupert, where there is no place for trees and grass to grow as they like, in wild confusion.

**Far To School**

"As school is two and-a-half miles away from here, I often walk home along the railway because then I can enjoy the lovely sea breeze, the mountains, the trees and everything that is beautiful. Sometimes I sit and gaze for hours at the great works of God. If I didn't have to hurry home so that I could get my home work done then I'm afraid I'd never leave my seat which is under the shelter of a large pine tree.

"Yesterday as I was coming home I spied a little field mouse under a large rock. As coincidence would have it I had some of my lunch left over and I was taking it home to the chickens. I took a little piece of my sandwich and gave it to the mouse. It didn't come out while I was watching it, but after a few minutes I looked again and the piece of sandwich was gone. I would have stayed and tried to make friends with it, if I had had the time, but since I didn't I left all my lunch there.

"Well, it's degenerating into an animal story again, and so I better close since I am making no progress in changing the subject.

"Please excuse me if I have 'bored you to tears.' I should not have used that phrase because it is hackneyed, but it fits in so nicely there. Such excuse as this may not pass before my English teacher's eyes, but you are not my English teacher, so I suppose I am safe. Ha! Ha!

"Goodbye now, but please give my best regards to all my cousins."

**GYRO CLUB LUNCHEON**

City to be Asked to Repair Play-Grounds— Committee Named for Handling of Fair Concessions

The Gyro Club, at its regular monthly business luncheon yesterday, decided to take up with the city the necessity of repairs being made to various playgrounds in the city which were established by the club and turned over to the city. It was pointed out that some of the grounds are in a deplorable condition, having high run to ruin. It was left to the club activities committee to go further into the matter with the city.

Arrangements for the handling of the concessions at this year's Exhibition by the Gyro and Rotary Clubs jointly were discussed. The Gyro Club committee to make preliminary arrangements for this work consists of C. A. Kirkendall, Dr. L. W. Kergin and H. A. Breen while the Rotary Club committee consists of G. H. Munro and S. D. Johnston.

Sending of a delegate to the forthcoming International convention in Hamilton or the district in Vancouver was discussed and the matter referred to the executive for action.

It was decided to abandon the excursion to Ketchikan, which was planned to have been made this week-end, in view of the fact that business prevents many of the members from going at this time. It is possible the trip may be made in August.

H. D. Barrett was initiated as a member of the club. William Mitchell was appointed song leader following departure from the city of M. M. Blott. The winner of the luncheon raffle was Wm. Cruickshank.

The luncheon was presided over by President C. C. Mills and there was a good attendance of members.

**Train Here Today On Time; Is First On Summer Schedule**

The first passenger train to arrive under summer time table of Canadian National Railways for the line into Prince Rupert arrived on time from the east at 1:30 this afternoon.

**LEIF ERIKSON LADIES CLUB HAS MEETING**

Leif Erikson Ladies' Club, Hygge, held their regular meeting Monday night at the home of Mrs. H. Erickson, Seventh Avenue West. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served.

**Wins Fascisti Speedboat Trophy**



Miss Loretta Turnbull of Los Angeles, Calif., famous American speedboat pilot, brings her trim craft in after capturing the cup of the Fascisti party in one of the international speedboat races on Lake Garda in which she defeated some of the outstanding men pilots in Italy.

**"I'll go to Work for You, Mother"**



**B**RAVE words, bravely spoken. Boyish shoulders, braced to lift burden of responsibility beyond their strength.

It is a tragedy so common as to create but little comment . . . children starting out to fight life's battles, unequipped.

Have you thought of the story behind the little figure that urges you to buy a paper . . . that begs the chance to run an errand, for a few sorely-needed coppers? Have you imagined the plans that may have been made for his education—the hopes, held in happier days, for his future?

And have you considered what would be the fate of your boy . . . your girl . . . should you be taken away? For the burden you drop must be carried on . . . on the frail shoulders of your children.

Or on the broad, sustaining back of Life Insurance. Make your decision today . . . and protect, with adequate Life Insurance, the future you would wish for those you love. Any Life Insurance representative will be pleased to discuss the details with you.



The Love That Never Dies

**Life Insurance Service**

One of a series of messages sponsored by Canadian and British Life Insurance Companies operating in Canada.